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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

WHAT I SAID

Lilies of the valley,
Bell-shaped moments clustered,
Doves of time—little white doves
Through the dusky sunset-colored air
Set free,
I stroke your wings,
I stroke your folded wings.

LITTLE GREEN BERMUDA POEM

Green water of waves
On the Bermuda beaches,
White coral roads running away,
Pink shells waiting for me to come,
I shall come some day.
How would it sound to be there alone
And hear the Atlantic Ocean
Crash on bright rocks?

This island is a great rainbow
That lasts forever;
People go and come
And the waves forget them.
I see the island turn and turn—
A soap-bubble with rainbows drifting down,
A rainbow ball turning . . .
Always light, always glitter looking through.

Hilda Conkling

My poem that began with a green wave
Has broken into colors.

WHEN MOONLIGHT FALLS

When moonlight falls on the water,
It is like fingers touching the chords of a harp
On a misty day.
When moonlight strikes the water
I cannot get it into my poem—
I only hear the tinkle of ripples of light.
When I see the water's fingers and the moon's rays
Intertwined,
I think of all the words I love to hear
And try to find words white enough
For such shining.

ELSA

My sister stood on a hilltop
Looking toward the sea.
The wind was in her bronze-colored hair;
She was an image
On a broken wave . . .
Foam was at her feet.
So for a moment she wavered
And was lovely:
And I remember her.